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The Athenian Mercury.

Saturday, January 25. 1695.

Morecraft the *Usurer* Over a *heap* of *bad Mony.*

IT cannot be, I never gave *consent*,
Nor will *believe* the *King* and *Parliament* :
Last *Sessions*, all, I'm sure, 'twas *good* and *true*,
And wou'd have *purchas'd*, who knows *what*, or *who* ?
But Ah ! The sad *Reverse* of wayward Fate
'Tis now an useless and an odious weight
Yes, 'tis too true, to *Spendal* 'twou'd not *pay*,
For less than *half* of this who t'other day
Had *past* his *Land*, nay even his *Soul* away :
But what are *Souls* to me (while *there*, *mine* lies)
No more then *Widdows Blood*, or *Orphan's cries* :
I've heard of *one* that *barter'd his* for *coyn*:
Wou'd *Mammon* like a *Chapman*, bid for *mine*
How gladly wou'd I all that's *left*, resign ?
For *Purgatory* strait rub off, since there
Is *Gold* enough, they say, to *glut* an *Usurer*.
Boyling in *Caldrons* of that glitt'ring *Ore*
I'd smile, nor *Angels* sure cou'd *wish* for more.
Yes, in their *largest Copper* let me *roll*,
Large, as my *thirsty*, my *capacious Soul* :
Deep draughts I'd of that *precious Nectar* swill,
And take of *Immortality* my *Fill*.
Where shou'd the *liquorish Fiends*, like *Flies*, swarm *round the Brink*,
I' like great *Beelzebub*, wou'd *sweep* 'em down,
The bold *Invaders* of my *World* and *Crown* ;
Seize each false *Interloper* with his *Prey*
And keep 'em *boiling* with me there, till they
Refund each *precious drop* they bore away.
Or if it rather please my unknown *Hoast*
Of my dry'd *Carcass* let 'em make a *Roast* :
Tho my *Skin crakled* I'd not bid 'em *hold* !
Wou'd they but *baste* me well with liquid Gold,
'Till more than me each *Turnspit Devil* were tir'd
And *mortal strength* above their own admir'd.
But Oh I *rave*, in all but *Fancy* poor,
Nor will vain *wishes* these dead *Heaps* restore.
Ah, had the *Theeves* who came the other day,
And with my *Guineas* bore my *Heart* away
Adjourn'd their *Visit*, (which I cou'd have spar'd)
Till now, how well I'd been for them *prepar'd* !
My self the *Keys* I'd brought, the way I'd show'd,
And begg'd their *Ease* from this *ungrateful Load*.
What *Comfort*, or what *Vengeance* does *remain*,
Whom shall I *curse*, of whom shall I *complain* ?
'Twere some small *Ease* might I my *passion* vent,
Why mayn't I *here* ? Against the *Government*.
Tho I from that, so many *thousands* clear
Each year have carry'd safe for *seven long year*.
Tho scores of *under Devils* employ'd for me
Each year have *dangled* at the *fatal Tree*
Their *Lives* too *clipt* byth' *sheers* of *Destinee*.
And since for *hanging* still I've a fair chance,
Best with my *Cargo* now steal off for *France*.
A *Heavenly Country* doubtless that, for there
Soon the Receit I'll get to *live* on *Air* :
From drossy *English Beef* and *Ale refine*,
Smell to my *Gold*, and grow like that, *divine*
How can that *State* its *subjects* fail to *please*
War without *Conquest*, Hunger without *Ease*,
Wine without *Bread*, *Salt* without *Meat* they give,
On which content the slaves an *hundred years* can *live*.
Poor *Hottamtots* ! Yet still they *dance* they *Sing*,
Tho scarce a *God* they *own*, or *none* besides their *King*.
Yes, they've a *King*, and he, as I've been told,
If, not his *subjects*, dearly loves their *Gold*.
D'ye want a *place* ; not I. Yes Sir you do.
Your modesty your worth and parts does show
You have *Ten Thousand Pounds* in *Bank* I know.
Cou'd I get there with all my Bags he soon
Wou'd *kick* me up, I fear, to some *Barroon*,
Where next Campaign I'm fairly knockt in head
And *Cent per Cent* lies stretcht in Honour's *Bed*.
No, like great *Crassus*, I wou'd sooner far
Stake *Life* and *Fortunes* in a *Parthian War* :
Of *Cæsar's* let old Wives, and *Pompeys* prate
Who sunk, or *Fabius* who preserv'd the *State*
I *only envy* that great General's Fate,
His *Fate* at once I *envy* and *desire*
Who did in *draughts* of *molten Gold* expire ;
Sure, spite of *Death*, 't had kept *me* safe and *whole*,
'Tis the divine *Elixir* of the *Soul*.
What shall I do, no *change* can ease afford
To my sick mind, tho many a *sacred-Hoard*,
Tho by my *niggard Stars* of this bereft,
Enormous Heaps, and endless Bags I've left
Some *comfort* yet, some *Glimmering Hopes* remain,
I shall not, no, I shall not live in vain,
Some dawning *beams* of *mischief* I espy,
Beauteous as *Light* that gilds the morning *Sky* :
This *week*, let's see ! Some *Ten Estates* I'll *seize*
And *swallow* all their *forfeit Morgages* ;
All *clipt* within the *Ring*, I'll *melt* 'em *down*,
Nor leave the shiv'ring ragged *Heirs*, a *Crown*.
Major ! I have you, 'tis in vain to *flounce*
You're *all my own*, nor scapes one single *Ounce*.
Your *Loyalty* will keep you warm ne'r fear,
You'll live, as you've already *Forty year*,
And thrive oth' *name* of slighted *Cavaleer*.
You've *Company*, *choice Spirits* and *men* of *worth*,
My *Cornish Friend*, and t'other in the *North* :
Wellbred, and *Wildish*, and in *Essex* he
Whose *House* and *Lands* lie so *conveniently*
(And *when* cou'd they do *otherwise* for *me* ?)
How neat the *Walks* ! The *Prospect* see how fine
They're *mine*, I thank thee *Mammon* ! all are *mine*.
Come my poor slaves ! all *fast* oth' *gilded Hook*
Let's see how *hungry* and how *lean* you *look* !
Long you've maintain'd the *War*, but shall no moe
Go now and *live* on what you *pay'd* before.
But that I may for *once* my *Bounty* shew,
This *Heap* amongst you *share*, and so *adiew* !

Enter Rymewell *the Poet over-hearing him.*

Rymewell.

Of Land and *Mony* I have equal *store*,
Scarce one *good ounce* of *both*, nor *care* for more
Yet form'd by *Nature* thy *eternal Foe*,
I come to *triumph* in thy *overthrow*.
And is thy *great Pan* dead ? We're equal now :
If any difference be, the *poorer Thou*,
Since of so many *thousands* dispossest,
Nor, *Brooding Fiend* ! canst thou *enjoy* the *rest*.
Shou'dst thou thy *Idol break*, as he of old,
No *Treasure* wou'dst thou find, no charming *Gold*
Or *Silver Ingots* there, that *ruffly Hoard*
Is *false* within and *brazen* as its *Lord*.
Nor with thy *second hope* delight thy *mind*
The strong *reserve* of *mischief* yet behind

They

They may *escape* thy *Toils*. Their *Lands* may be
As *England's Bass* fix'd, *secure* from *thee*,
Its self at once and sinking *owners free*.
For *see*! and *burst*! what weighty *Numbers* joyn
T' evade thy *sweeping Net*, and break thy *Line*. *
So in the *Baltic*, when an *Herd* of *Deer*
Or the *swift Hounds*, or hivring *Winter* near
Wou'd reach a *safer* or a warmer *Soyl*
On some fair *mossy* shore, or *Woody Isle*;
Tho *singly*, each alas wou'd prove too *weak*
Th impetuous *Torrents* mighty *rage* to *break*,
Yet with united *strength* they safely go,
Nor fear the *Winter*, nor their eager *foe*.
Their lofty *Heads* they see ith' *liquid Glass*,
The Salt Sea *foams* around 'em as they *pass*.
Tuit hard, for 'tis for *Life*; you're *near* the *Brink*:
A Poet's *curse* on all wou'd have you *sink*.

* The Land-Bank

Advertisement.

☞ This is to give notice, that the time at first allow'd for sending in subscriptions for *the Life of the Reverend* Mr. Richard Baxter, was but till the 20 of this Instant *January*, but at the request of several who have not quite *compleated their sets*; and in consideration of the badness of Silver the undertakers now give till the *25th of next February*, for sending in subscriptions but no longer. The undertakers are *T. Parkhurst*, *J. Robinson*, *J. Lawrence*, and *J. Dunton*.

☞ The Confirming work of Religion, and its great things made plain by their primary evidences and demonstrations, whereby the meanest in the Church may soon be made able to render a rational account of their faith by *Rob. Fleming*, Author of a book entituled, the fulfilling of the Scriptures.

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☞ A Collection of Divine Hymns upon several occasions, suited to our Common tunes.

☞ The Rod or the Sword, the present *Dilemma* of the Nations of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, considered, argued, and improved.

* Consolation for the afflicted, or the way to prevent fainting under outward or inward trouble by *Timothy Rogers*, M. A. and Author of the Discourse of trouble of mind.

* Mark Land.

☞ Some Remarkable Passages in the Life and Death of Mr. *Edmund French*, mostly from his own Diary.

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☞ The different humours of men represented in an interlude at a Country School, these 2 last by the Reverend Mr. *Samuel Shaw*, late Minister and Schoolmaster at *Ash-by-de-la-zouch*.

☞ A Little book for little Children, wherein are set down several directions for little Children, and several Remarkable Stories both Ancient and Modern, of little Children. By *Thomas White* Minister.

These 13 Books printed for *Tho. Parkhurst*, at the *Bible* and 3 *Crowns* in *Cheapside*.

☞ There is publisht a very particular account of LIFE of the QUEEN, during her Residence in *Holland*, being ——A COLLECTION of FUNERAL ORATIONS pronounc'd by publick Authority upon her Majestie's Death, by Dr. *James Perizonius*, Professor of Eloquence, History and the *Greek* Tongue, in *Leyden*, Dr. *George Grevius*, Professor of Theology in *Utrecht*, and several other Learned men.——In this COLLECTION is inserted ——That Excellent METHOD her Majesty observed in Reading the Holy Scriptures—The manner how she spent EVERY DAY in the week——Some extraordinary Instances of her *conjugal fidelity*.——Her Conference with the English Ambassadour at the *Hague*.——Many *divine*, *moral* and *political expressions*, as at several times, and on several occasions they were delivered by her; With other *Remarkable Passages* in her LIFE and DEATH not hitherto made publick. ——*The whole attested by those Reverend and Honourable persons that attended upon her*. Price 2 s. 6 d.——There is also publisht a FUNERAL ORATION upon the Queen's Death, pronounced by publick Authority in the *Hall of the most Illustrious States*, upon the day of the *Royal Obsequies*, *March* 5. 1695. By the Learned *SPANHEIMIUS*, (who had frequent access to her *Majesty* whilst she lived in *Holland*) This is Printed in 4*to*, to bind up with the forementioned COLLECTION.

☞ Mr. *Switerda* (recommended to and by our Gracious King) professes a very short and ealy Method and no wise *Pedantick*, by which children if they can but read *English*, may learn to speak *Latin* and *French* fluently, and that truly and properly, according to *Grammar-Rules*, and to explain any Author in 2 years time, and Gentlemen and Ladies of age in one year. If that any noble man would take two children (whose capacities are not Disproportionable) and send one Beyond-Sea, and leave to the said *Switerda* the other, he is content to loose 100 Pound if he makes not a greater, and more visible Improvement of the *Latin Tongue* in one or two Months, than any Gentleman whatsoever. He has also Instructions for those who live at a distance: He teacheth twice a week abroad. He lives in *Arundel-Street*, in the *Strand*, next to the *White-Lyon*, where he teacheth most every day. And 'twice a week in the evening on *Ludgate-Hill*, at the first house within the Entry of the *Bell-Savage*.

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